





THE
BEAUTIES
OF
THOMSON.

1877

1878





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THE
BEAUTIES
OF
THOMSON,

CONSISTING OF
SELECTIONS FROM HIS POETIC AND DRAMATIC
WORKS.

BY ALFRED HOWARD, ESQ.

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THOMSON.

AFFLICTION BENEFICIAL.

AFFLICTION is the wholesome soil of virtue ;
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish.
But prosperous fortune, that allures with pleasure,
Dazzles with pomp, and undermines with flattery,
Poisons the soil, and its best product kills.

* * * * *

I am with grief acquainted ; therefore can
For others feel. Sweet source of every virtue,
O sacred sorrow ! He who knows not thee,
Knows not the best emotions of the heart,
Those tender tears that humanize the soul,
The sigh that charms, the pang that gives delight ;
He dwells too near to cruelty and pride,
And is a novice in the school of virtue.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,

Dragged lingering on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

• ANGLING.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores, prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hallow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;

And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook :
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line :
Then seeks the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours ; but when the sun
Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering clouds,
Even shooting listless languor through the deeps ;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade :
Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep : whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk,
High in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes ; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song,
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye :
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confused, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, and boughs his roof did frame ;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown-fruit with which the woodlands teem :
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

So pass'd his youthful morning, void of care,
 Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
 For him no tender parents troubled were,
 He of the forest seemed to be the son;
 And certes had been utterly undone,
 But that Minerva pity of him took,
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
 Ne did the sacred nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtured well,
 In every science, and in every art,
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
 That can, or use, or joy, or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
 Ne were the goodly exercises spared,
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard: [pared.
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roseat breath of oricnt day;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
 He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
 Or darting on the goal outstripped the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career, [peer.
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough com-

At other times he pried through nature's store,
 Whate'er she in the' ethereal round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
 Or else he scanned the Globe, those small domains,
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;

But more he search'd the mind, and roused from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With nature his creating pencil vied,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife;
Or, to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife,
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He roused the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bad the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

Accomplished thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To-wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild:
Nought to be seen but savage woods and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man:
On his own wretched kind, he, ruthless, prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,

And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe ;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so !

AUTUMNAL FOGS.

Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety ; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
Vanish the woods : the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray ;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urged

Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

RAMBLES IN AUTUMN.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the Season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current : while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things :
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet :
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse :
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit

On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
And, shrunk, into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

SPORTS IN AUTUMN.

Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high,
Infinite splendour ! wide investing all.
How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply tinged
With a peculiar blue ! the' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure throned

The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below
The gilded earth ! the harvest treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defied.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cars. The toil-strung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks ; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

EVENING IN AUTUMN.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,

Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when, half blotted from the sky, her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots ; ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
The' appearance throws : armies in meet array,
Throng'd with ærial spears and steeds of fire,
Till the long lines of full extended war
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapped in fierce ascending flame ;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ;

Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
Empires subversed, when ruling fate has struck
The' unalterable hour : e'en Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
Distinction lost ; and gay variety
One universal blot : such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge ;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf :
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits ; and shows the narrow path,

That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

All glory in her eye. Perfection thence
Looks from its throne ; and on her ample brow
Sits majesty. Her features glow with life,
Warm with heroic soul. Her mien ! she walks,
As when a towering goddess treads this earth.
But when her language flows ; when such a mind
Descends to soothe, to sigh, to weep, to grasp
The tottering knee ; oh ! Narva, Narva, oh !
Expression here is dun, b.

THE BARD.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aspect ; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his * sister of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind : all else is vanity and glare.

BEGGARY AND SCORN.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd ;
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard ;
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagged with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow :
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd

* The Nightingale.

By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro, [moe.
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light ;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad ;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light ;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black' rough beard was matted rank and vile ;
Direful to see ! an heart-appalling sight !
Meantime fowl scurf and blotches him defile ;
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

The other was a fell despiteful fiend ;
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below.
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour keen'd ;
Of man alike, if good, or bad, the foe :
With nose upturn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nausous scent ; his eye
Was cold and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along ;
The filthy beasts that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their immelodious moan ;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play

The swallow-people ; and, toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats ; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing and the strong
Unconquerable hand of liberty,
The stork-assembly meets ; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings ;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight ascends : and, riding high
The' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of furthest Thulé, and the' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

BRITISH HONESTY.

Just Heaven forbid,
 - A British man should ever count for gain
 What villany must earn. No : are we poor ?
 Be honesty our riches. Are we mean
 And humbly born ? The true heart makes us noble.

CASSANDRA'S PREDICTION.

Cass. We thank thee, stranger, for thy generous pity,
 Heaven has, it seems, throughout diffused the good ;
 May the kind gods, the hospitable powers,
 For this befriend thee ! Thou must wander still,
 Wilt their protection want.—But Agamemnon !
 Where is the king ?

Mel. He bathes him for the banquet,
 The banquet earn'd by ten years' war and toil.

Cass. Short-sighted man ! to dream of festal joys,
 When his next banquet is perhaps with Pluto.

He comes ! the god comes rushing on my soul !
 O gently soothe me with the voice of music !
 Assuage my pangs with harmony !—Methinks
 I hear Apollo's lyre.

Mel. Mysterious powers ! [place.

Cass. 'Tis gone—and now harsh discord takes its
 Dire yellings now affright my trembling ear.
 What means this uproar of the howling forest ?
 The lioness and wolf, together leagued,
 Pursue the lion's life.—Behold ! the snare,
 The' infernal snare is set, spread by the stream,
 Where, unsuspecting harm, he bathes at noon.
 Soon will these guiltless waters blush with blood.

Mel. There is a sort of gloomy light in this,
 That flashes horror on me.

Cass. A black swarm
Of fell ideas seize my fancy.—Hence !
O snatch me from this palace ! shambles rather !
It smells of carnage : breathes a hideous steam,
As if from gaping sepulchres exhaled.
And, lo ! the spotless loves, the sports, the joys,
The weeping Lares fly : while in their place,
The vices all, the raging furies come ;
And with them Comus, the flushed god of banquets,
Besmear'd with gore.—They sing the funeral hymn—
What do I see ? What mean these mangled forms ?
These pale, these nightly phantoms ; such as rise
To working fancy's eye, in troubled dreams ?—
See ! where they sit for ever at the gates,
Demanding vengeance—Vengeance is at hand—
Ha ! 'tis the murder'd boys, whose limbs were, here,
Served up to their own sire, to be devour'd !

Mel. She wakes my dread—The story of Thyestes !

Cass. With this devoted race involved I fall :
Nor falls the slave alone—The master falls.
But man shall die for man ; for woman woman ;
Remember this.

Mel. The slave, the master fall !

Cass. Ah, bosom-traitress ! Ill-persuaded queen !
And canst thou then the barbarous secret keep ?

Mel. What queen ? what secret ? Speak more
plain, Cassandra.

Cass. From guilt in vain to greater guilt you fly,
From crime to crime precipitated—No !
The wicked find no peace—Destruction waits thee !—
One effort more—Yes, save thy lord, and die—
That throw belonged to virtue—Cannot then
The gentle powers prevail ?—A moment yet,
The doubtful balance yet allows a moment—

Down, down it goes, for vengeance and for Troy !
But ah ! such vengeance, as even foes themselves
Abhor to see !

Mel. She staggers all my reason—
Unveil these dreadful oracles—Perhaps——

Cass. Yes, in a moment, they will be too plain.
The moment comes ! The furies lash it on !
Ha ! now !

Mel. Unusual horror creeps——

Cass. Alas !

Keep from the murderous sacrificer's hand,
O keep the victim bull ! lo ! seized he spurns,
He foams in vain—Behold the lifted blow !
Behold the thirsty steel !—They strike him !—Hark !
What dismal echoes run from room to room !

Mel. I heard a distant noise !

[*The noise of Agamemnon's assassination
heard indistinctly, and at a distance
behind the scenes.*]

Cass. Again !—They strive,
The' assassins labour who shall wound him most.
'Tis done !—He falls !—

(*Agamemnon behind the scenes.*),
[*The noise heard distinctly, and near.*]

Off ! villains ! cowards ! off !—
By villains murder'd !—Oh !

Mel. Great gods ! the king !—

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;

And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no more found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
And there a season atween June and May, [brown'd,
Half-prankt with spring, with summer half im-
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood :
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley winded out, below, [to flow.
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was, .
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky :
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle 'mid embow'ring trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night ;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby :
For, as they chaunced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;

Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung
Ymolten with his siren melody ;
While o'er the' enfeebling lute his hand he flung ;
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
sung :

‘ Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May.
What youthful bride can equal her array ?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

‘ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats ! that from the flowering
thorn
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :
They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

‘ Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
Guile, violence, and murder seized on man ; [ran.
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers

‘ Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life,
Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain : come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight : O come, ye weary wights, to me !

‘ With me, you need not rise at early dawn
To pass the joyless day in various stounds :
Or louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds,
Or prowl in courts of law, for human prey,
In venal senate thief, or rob on broad high-way.

‘ No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear ;
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall ;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith sear,
Ne noisy tradesman, your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear :
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

‘ Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down :
They who are pleased themselves must always
 please ;
On others’ ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town :

Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is soothed and sweeten'd by the social sense,
For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd
hence.

‘ What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
Above the reach of wild ambition’s wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
Across the’ enliven’d skies, and make them still
more gay.

‘ The best of men have ever loved repose :
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbitter’d more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown’d of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away :
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

‘ But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, ’tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude : the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr’s sigh
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

‘ O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives the’ untasted portion you have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto’s reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.’

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retain’d
The deep vibrations of his witching song ;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain’d
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour’d on heaps, and yet they slipped along,
In silent ease : as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver’d with the gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays through airy portal stream :

By the smooth demon so it ordered was,
And here his baneful bounty first began :
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise mistrust the too fair-spoken man,
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye :
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap’d upon them strait ;
And soon as touched by his unhallow’d paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate,
Full hard to be repass’d, like that of fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,

Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue :
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace ;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom-blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep :
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose ;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran, [peep.
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly
Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unf
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide displayed
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;

Wherewith he those who entered in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
And every flowing limb in pleasure drowns, [fain,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew :
Thence each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare : [drew.
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams
more fair.

This rite performed, all inly pleased and still,
Withouten tromp was proclamation made.
' Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will ;
And wander where you list, through hall or glade !
Be no man's pleasure for another's staid ;
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And cursed be he who minds his neighbour's trade !
Here dwells kind ease and unrepining joy :
He little merits bliss who others can annoy.'

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
And every man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,

No living creature could be seen to stray ;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd :
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that ærial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain,)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro :
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering ?
Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire !
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire ;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self opened into halls, where who can tell

What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch around in seemly band ;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd ;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round :
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;
You need but wish, and, silently obeyed, [play'd.
Fair-ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses

Here freedom reign'd without the least alloy ;
Nor gossip's tale nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale ;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart ;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and
peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed.
Blest sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :
Now the black tempest strikes the' astonish'd eyes ;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please ;
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined ;

From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul ?
Now rising love they fanned ; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart ;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart :
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of Caliphs old, who on the 'Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore ;
Composing music bid his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell :
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.
And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;

O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
That played, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face :
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land :
She has no colour that like you can glow ;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blest them oft besides with more refined delights.

These were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight—
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep— [keep.
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to

Ye guardian spirits to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom :
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart :
But chief, a while, O lend us from the tomb

Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart !

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied ;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks !—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste :
When nothing is enjoyed, can there be greater waste ?

Of vanity the mirror this was called.
Here you a muck-worm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie ;
Most like to carcase parched on gallow-tree.
A penny saved is a penny got :
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold !
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,

All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The filthy tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen, him among them share :
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe pourtrayed the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards ; oft they snatch the pen
As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage ;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage ;
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore ?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more, [store.
And much enriched with fame when useless worldly

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all :
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew ;
See how they dash along from wall to wall !
At every door, hark how they thundering call !
Good lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall ;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met :
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
The' important shoulder ; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer * recalls affairs,

* The morning star.

Than forth they various rush in mighty fret ;
When lo ! push'd up to power, and crown'd their
cares,

In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

But what most showed the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife :
Most Christian kings, inflamed by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour :
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
As useless were, and eke an endless task ;
From kings and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer glades who bask.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tyed trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row ;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark :
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involved not dark,
As sweet this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart :
But these his talents were yburied stark ;
Of the fine stores he nothing could impart
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.
To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound ;

Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found :
There would he linger till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound ;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past :
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay concealed
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd :
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind,
But with the clouds they fled, and left no track behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk :
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;
There, inly thrill'd, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne never utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—' Thank heaven ! the day
is done.'

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen :
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practiced been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;
Unkempt and rough, of squalid face and mien,

Our castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunced into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :
Certes he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night :
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not even pleasure to excess is good :
What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the' exulting billows flow
The farther back again they staggering go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore :
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the' abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnished fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
And oft he sips their bowl ; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep with trump profound ;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refined,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touched as any man's with bad ;

Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
 To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

‘ Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue, come !
 But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade
 To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
 Ne never more to quit our quiet glade ;
 Yet when at last thy toils, but ill apaid,
 Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
 Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark :
 We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park.’

Here whilom ligged the’ Esopus* of the age ;
 But call’d by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restored him to the stage,
 And roused him like a giant from his sleep.
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :
 With double force the’ enliven’d scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not nature’s bounds : he knows to keep
 Each due decorum. Now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urged sense the’ enlighten’d
 judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;
 Who,† void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On Virtue still, and Nature’s pleasing themes,

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the author.

Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat ;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage : his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks' good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry :
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunced to trippen by ;
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs ;
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow sat every nation's cares :
The world by them is parcelled out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoak they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye : then, smoak-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-faced court ;
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort ;
Where from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom ;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god soft breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseased and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan ;
For of these wretches taken was no care :
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness tossed alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-opened eyne he shut straitway :
He led, I wot, the softest way to death, [breath.
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :
Unwieldy man ! with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply ;
For still he drank and yet he still was dry.

And moping here did Hypochondria sit ;
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ; [wit.
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low :
 She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the spittals know,
 And sought all physick which the shops bestow.
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate mankind,
 Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings ;
 The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;
 Whilst Apoplexy crammed Intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

THE CATARACT.

Up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense [back,
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

COLOURS.

Even light itself, which every thing displays
Shone undiscovered, till his * brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into its kind,
To the charm'd eye educed the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth ; and tawny Orange next ;
And next delicious Yellow ; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green ;
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,
Immerged the deepen'd Indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost ;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting Violet away.
These when the clouds distil the rosy shower,

* Newton.

Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingled dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain ; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever new !

CONTENTION.

Contention led the van ; first small of size,
But soon dilated to the skies she towers :
Then wide as air the livid Fury spread,
And high her head above the stormy clouds
She blazed in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war :
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.

COURTS.

The Virtues conquer with a single look.
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
That the soul won, enamour'd and refined,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the foul demons, that oppose our * reign,
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap ;
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix
Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade

* It is Liberty that speaks.

Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray.
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire; so, pierced severe,
Before our potent blaze these demons fly,
And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd tale,
That like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
Fair-faced Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare. The Janus face of courtly Pride;
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other scowls disdain.
Cheeks, that for some weak tenderness alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools.
Determined to be broke, the plighted Faith;
Nay more, the godless Oath, that knows no ties.
Soft buzzing Slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw,
Of avaricious Luxury; who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.

THE DEITY.

There is a power
Unseen that rules the' illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star,
To the least dust of this sin-tainted world;

While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.—

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SYPHAX AND MASINISSA.

Syph. Is there no dungeon in this city, dark
As is my troubled soul?—that thus I am brought
To my own palace, to those rooms of state,
Wont in another manner to receive me,
With other signs of royalty than these.

[*Looking on his chains.*]

Mas. I will not wound thee, nor insult thee, Syphax,
With a recital of thy tyrant crimes.
A captive here I see thee, fallen below
My most revengeful wish; and all the rage,
The noble fury that this morn inflamed me,
Is sunk to soft compassion. In the field,
The perilous front of war, there is the scene
Of brave revenge; and I have sought thee there,
Keen as the wounded lion seeks his foe.
But when a broken enemy, disarmed
And helpless lies; a falling sword, an eye
With pity flowing, and an arm as weak
As infant softness, then becomes the brave.
Believe it, Syphax, my relenting soul
Melts at thy fate.

Syph. This, this, is all I dread,
All I detest, this insolence refined,
This affectation of superior goodness.
Pitied by thee!—Is there a form of death,
Of torture, and of infamy like that?

Ye partial gods, to what have you debased me?
 I feel your worst; why should I fear you more?
 Hear me, vain youth! take notice—I abhor
 Thy mercy, loath it.—Use me like a slave.
 As I would thee (delicious thought!) wert thou
 Here crouching in my power.

Mas.

Outrageous man!

Thou canst not drive me, by thy bitterest rage,
 To an unmanly deed; not all thy wrongs
 Can force my patient soul to stain its virtue.

Syph. I cannot wrong thee. When we drive the spear
 Into the monster's heart, to crush the serpent;
 Can that be called a wrong? 'Tis self-defence.

Mas. I'm loth to hurt thee more.—The tyrant
 Too fierce already in thy rankled breast. [works
 But since thou seemest to rank me with thyself,
 With great destroyers, with perfidious kings,
 I must reply to thy licentious tongue;
 Bid thee remember, whose accursed sword
 Began this work of death; who broke the ties,
 The holy ties, attested by the gods,
 Which bind the nations in the bond of peace;
 Who meanly took advantage of my youth,
 Unskilled in arms, unsettled on my throne,
 And drove me to the desert there to dwell
 With kinder monsters; who my cities sacked,
 My country pillaged, and my subjects murdered;
 Who still pursued me with inveterate hate,
 When open force proved vain, with ruffian arts,
 The villain's dagger, base assassination.
 And for no reason all. Brute violence
 Alone thy plea.—What the least provocation,
 Say, canst thou but pretend?

Syph.

I needed none.

Nature has in my being sown the seeds

Of enmity to thine.—Nay, mark me this ;
 Couldst thou restore me to my former state,
 Strike off these chains, give me my crown again ;
 Yet must I still, implacable to thee,
 Seek eagerly thy death, or die myself.
 Life cannot hold us both !—Unequal gods !
 Who love to disappoint mankind, and take
 All vengeance to yourselves ; why to the point
 Of my long-flattered wishes did ye lift me ;
 Then sink me down so low ? Just as I aim'd
 The glorious stroke that was to make me happy,
 Why did you blast my strong extended arm ?
 But that to mock us is your cruel sport ?
 What else is human life ?

Mas. Thus always joined
 With an inhuman heart, and brutal manners,
 Is irreligion to the ruling gods ;
 Whose schemes our peevish ignorance arraigns,
 Our thoughtless pride.—Thy lost condition, Syphax,
 Is nothing to the tumult of thy breast.
 There lies the sting of evil, there the drop
 That poisons nature.—Ye mysterious powers !
 Whose ways are ever-gracious, ever-just,
 As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me ;
 But, whether through your gloomy depths I wander,
 Or on your mountains walk ; give me the calm,
 The steady, smiling soul ; where wisdom sheds
 Eternal sunshine and eternal peace.
 Then if misfortune comes, she brings along
 The bravest virtues. And so many great
 Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough
 To consecrate distress, and make ambition
 Even wish the frown beyond the smile of Fortune.

Syph. Torture and racks ! This is the common
Of insolent success, unsuffering pride. [trick
This prate of patience, and I know not what.
'Tis all a lie, impracticable rant ;
And only tends to make me scorn thee more.

But why this talk ? In mercy send me hence ;
Yet—ere I go—Oh save me from distraction !
I know, hot youth, thou burnest for my queen ;
But by the majesty of ruined kings,
And that commanding glory which surrounds her,
I charge thee, touch her not !

Mas. No, Syphax, no.
'Thou need'st not charge me. That were mean indeed,
A triumph that to thee. But could I stoop
Again to love her ; Thou, what right has thou,
A captive, to her bed ? Thy bonds divorce
And free her from thy power. All laws in this,
Roman and Carthaginian, all agree.

Syph. Here, here, begins the bitterness of ruin ;
Here my chains grind me first.

Mas. Poor Sophonisba !
She too becomes the prize of conquering Rome ;
What most her heart abhors. Alas, how hard
Will slavery sit on her exalted soul !
She never will endure it, she will die—
For not a Roman burns with nobler ardour,
A higher sense of liberty, than she ;
And though she married thee, her only stain,
False to my youth, and faithless to her vows,
Yet I must own it, from a worthy cause,
From public spirit, did her fault proceed.

Syph. Must I then hear her praise from thee ? Con-
Oh ! for a lonely dungeon ! where I rather [fusion !
Would talk with my own groans, and breathe revenge,

Than in the mansions of the blest with thee.
Hell! Whither must I go?

Mas. Unhappy man!
And is thy breast determined against peace,
On comfort shut?

Syph. On all, but death, from thee.

Mas. Narva, be Syphax thy peculiar care;
And use him well, with tenderness and honour.
This evening Lælius, and to-morrow Scipio,
To Cirtha comes. Then let the Romans take
Their prisoner.

Syph. There shines a gleam of hope
Across the gloom—From thee delivered!—Ease
Breathes in that thought—Lead on—My heart grows
lighter!

THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN TANCRED AND
SIFFREDI.

Tan. Avoid me, hoary traitor!—Go, Rodolpho,
Give orders that all passages this way
Be shut—Defend me from a hateful world,
The bane of peace and honour—then return.—

What, dost thou haunt me still? O monstrous
Unparallel'd indignity! Just Heaven! [insult!
Was ever king, was ever man so treated;
So trampled into baseness!

Siff. Here, my liege,
Here strike! I nor deserve, nor ask for mercy.

Tan. Distraction!—O my soul—Hold, reason, hold
Thy giddy seat—O this inhuman outrage
Unhinges thought!

Siff. Exterminate thy servant!

Tan. All, all but this I could have borne—but this!
This daring insolence beyond example!

This murderous stroke that stabs my peace for ever!
That wounds me there—there! where the human heart
Most exquisitely feels—

Siff. O bear it not,

My royal lord! Appease on me your vengeance!

Tan. Did ever tyrant image aught so cruel!

The lowest slave that crawls upon the earth,
Robbed of each comfort Heaven bestows on mortals,
On the bare ground, has still his virtue left,
The sacred treasure of an honest heart,
Which thou hast dared, with rash audacious hand,
And impious fraud, in me to violate.

Siff. Behold, my liege, that rash audacious hand,
Which not repents its crime—O glorious! happy!
If by my ruin I can save your honour.

Tan. Such honour I renounce! with sovereign scorn
Greatly detest it, and its mean adviser!

Hast thou not dared beneath my name to shelter—

My name for other purposes design'd,
Given from the fondness of a faithful heart,
With the best love o'erflowing—Hast thou not
Beneath thy sovereign's name basely presumed
To shield a lie? a lie! in public uttered,
To all deluded Sicily? But know,

This poor contrivance is as weak as base.

In such a wretched toil none can be held

But fools and cowards.—Soon thy flimsy arts,

Touch'd by my just, my burning indignation,

Shall burst like threads in flame!—Thy doating pru-
But more secures the purpose it would shake. [dence

Had my resolves been wavering and doubtful,

This would confirm them, make them fixed as fate.

This adds the only motive that was wanting

To urge them on through war and desolation—

What ! marry her ! Constantia ! Her ! the daughter
 Of the fell tyrant who destroy'd my father !
 The very thought is madness ! Ere thou seest
 The torch of Hymen light these hated nuptials,
 Thou shalt behold Sicilia wrapt in flames,
 Her cities razed, her valleys drench'd with slaughter—
 Love set aside—my pride assumes the quarrel.
 My honour now is up ; in spite of thee,
 A world combined against me, I will give
 This scatter'd will in fragments to the winds,
 Assert my rights, the freedom of my heart,
 Crush all who dare oppose me to the dust,
 And heap perdition on thee !

Siff.

Sir, 'tis just.

Exhaust on me your rage ; I claim it all.
 But for those public threats thy passion utters,
 'Tis what thou canst not do !

Tan.

I cannot ! ha !

Driven to the dreadful brink of such dishonour,
 Enough to make the tamest coward brave,
 And into fierceness rouse the mildest nature,
 What shall arrest my vengeance ? who ?

Siff.

Thyself !

Tan. Away ! dare not to justify thy crime !
 That, that alone can aggravate its horror,
 Add insolence to insolence—perhaps
 May make my rage forget.—

Siff.

O let it burst

On this grey head devoted to thy service !
 But when the storm has vented all its fury,
 Thou then must hear—nay more, I know, thou wilt—
 Wilt hear the calm, yet stronger voice of reason.
 Thou must reflect that a whole people's safety,
 The weal of trusted millions should bear down,

Thyself the judge, thy fondest partial pleasure.
 Thou must reflect that there are other duties,
 A nobler pride, a more exalted honour,
 Superior pleasures far, that will oblige,
 Compel thee, to abide by this my deed,
 Unwarranted perhaps in common justice,
 But which necessity, even virtue's tyrant,
 With awful voice commanded.—Yes, thou must,
 In calmer hours, divest thee of thy love,
 These common passions of the vulgar breast,
 This boiling heat of youth, and be a king !
 The lover of thy people !

Tan.

Truths ill employed !

Abused to colour guilt !—a king ! a king !
 Yes, I will be a king, but not a slave !
 In this will be a king ! in this my people
 Shall learn to judge how I will guard their rights,
 When they behold me vindicate my own.
 But have I, say, been treated like a king ?—
 Heavens ! could I stoop to such outrageous usage,
 I were a mean, a shameless wretch, unworthy
 To wield a sceptre in a land of slaves,
 A soil abhorred of virtue, should belie
 My father's blood, belie those very maxims,
 At other times, you taught my youth—Siffredi !

(In a softened tone of voice.)

Siff. Behold, my prince, behold thy poor old servant,
 Whose darling care, these twenty years, has been
 To nurse thee up to virtue, who for thee,
 Thy glory and thy weal, renounces all,
 All interest or ambition can pour forth ;
 What many a selfish father would pursue
 Through treachery and crimes. Behold him here,
 Bent on his feeble knees, to beg, conjure thee,

With tears to beg thee, to control thy passion,
 And save thyself, thy honour, and thy people !
 Kneeling with me behold the many thousands
 To thy protection trusted. Fathers; mothers,
 The sacred front of venerable age,
 The tender virgin, and the helpless infant ;
 The ministers of Heaven, those, who maintain,
 Around thy throne, the majesty of rule ;
 And those, whose labour, scorch'd by winds and sun,
 Feeds the rejoicing public ; see them all,
 Here at thy feet, conjuring thee to save them,
 From misery and war, from crimes and rapine !
 Can there be aught, kind Heaven ! in self-indulgence
 To weigh down these ? This aggregate of love,
 With which compared the dearest private passion
 Is but the wafted dust upon the balance ?
 Turn not away—Oh ! is there not some part,
 In thy great heart, so sensible to kindness,
 And generous warmth, some nobler part, to feel
 The prayers and tears of these, the mingled voice
 Of heaven and earth !

Tan. There is ! and thou hast touch'd it.
 Rise, rise, Siffredi—Oh ! thou hast undone me,
 Unkind old man !—O ill-entreated Tancred !
 Which way so'er I turn, dishonour rears
 Her hideous front—and misery and ruin !
 Was it for this you took such care to form me ?
 For this imbued me with the quickest sense
 Of shame, these finer feelings, that ne'er vex
 The common mass of mortals, dully happy
 In blest insensibility ? O rather [power
 You should have seared my heart ; taught me that
 And splendid interest lord it still o'er virtue ;
 That, gilded by prosperity and pride,

There is no shame, no meanness ; temper'd thus,
I had been fit to rule a venal world.

Alas ! what meant thy wantonness of prudence ?

Why have you raised this miserable conflict

Betwixt the duties of the king and man ?

Set virtue against virtue ?—Ah Siffredi !

'Tis thy superfluous, thy unfeeling wisdom,

That has involved me in a maze of error,

Almost beyond retreat.—But hold, my soul,

Thy steady purpose—Tost by various passions,

To this eternal anchor keep.—There is,

Can be, no public without private virtue.—

Then mark me well—observe what I command ;

It is the sole expedient now remaining—

To-morrow, when the senate meets again,

Unfold the whole, unravel the deceit ;

Nor that alone, try to repair its mischief ;

There all thy power, thy eloquence and interest

Exert, to reinstate me in my rights,

And from thy own dark snares to disembroil me.—

Start not my lord—This must and shall be done !

Or here our friendship ends—Howe'er disguised,

Whatever thy pretence, thou art a traitor.

Siff. I should indeed deserve the name of traitor,

And even a traitor's fate, had I so slightly,

From principles so weak, done what I did,

As e'er to disavow it.—

Tan.

Ha !

Siff.

My liege,

Expect not this—Though practised long in courts,

I have not so far learn'd their subtle trade,

To veer obedient with each gust of passion.

I honour thee, I venerate thy orders,

But honour more my duty. Nought on earth

Shall ever shake me from that solid rock ;
Nor smiles nor frowns.—

Tan.

You will not, then ?

Siff. I cannot !

Tan. Away ! begone !—O my Rodolpho, come,
And save me from this traitor !—Hence I say,
Avoid my presence straight ! And know, old man,
Thou my worst foe beneath the mask of friendship,
Who, not content to trample in the dust
My dearest rights, dost with cool insolence
Persist, and call it duty ; hadst thou not
A daughter that protects thee, thou shouldst feel
The vengeance thou deservest—No reply !
Away !

DYING NOBLY.

There is a certain hour,
Which one would wish all undisturb'd and bright,
No care, no sorrow, no dejected passions ;
And that is when we die, when hence we go,
Ne'er to be seen again ; then let us spread
A bold exalted wing, and the last voice
We hear be that of wonder and applause.

ECCLESIASTICAL TYRANNY.

———Outrageous mix'd with these
Another species of tyrannic rule,
Unknown before, whose cancrus shackles seized
The' envenom'd soul ; a wilder Fury, she
Even o'er her Elder Sister * tyrannized ;
Or, if perchance agreed, inflamed her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud : the Sable Band,
Thundering,—‘ Submit, ye Laity ! ye profane ;

* Civil tyranny.

Earth is the Lord's, and therefore ours : let kings
Allow the common claim, and half be theirs ;
If not, behold ! the sacred lightning flies :'
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science uttering jangling words obscure,
Where frightened reason never yet could dwell :
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears ;
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the Lying Spirit still descends :
Mother of tortures, Persecuting Zeal !
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving blood ;
Hell's fiercest fiend ! of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love !
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combined. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs,
Came idiot Superstition ; round with ears
Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
With legends plied them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason ; gross, she swallows all,
The most absurd believing ever most.
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffused.

THE CONFERENCE OF EGISTHUS AND
CLYTEMNESTRA.

Egist. Ah, Clytemnestra ! what a change is here !
And must I then thus steal an interview !
Are we alone ?

Clyt. You fright me with that question :
You look astonished.

Egist. On the brink of ruin
We, tottering, stand.

Clyt. That is no news to me.

Egist. But——

Clyt. What ?

Egist. We are discovered.

Clyt. Ha ! discovered !

Egist. Yes, certainly discovered. Arcas now,
By Agamemnon's orders, in the city
Collects a band, to seize me at the banquet,
A short hour hence. And my accusers, madam,
You may be well assured are not your friends.

Clyt. 'Tis plain ! 'tis plain !—The parting fogs
disperse :

And now the doubtful scene stands all revealed—
Who could have thought they should dissemble thus ?
But I can tell you more.

Egist. What, madam ? speak :
For danger presses on us.

Clyt. Saw you him,
This seeming stranger, saved by Agamemnon ?

Egist. Arcas and he to-day, my friends inform me,
Were busy with the king ; and doubtless, then,
It was concerted that I should be seized.

Clyt. Ah ! did you know, Egisthus, who he is ?

Egist. Who ?

Clyt. Melisander.

Egist. Gods ! and does he live ?
For my confusion saved ! O gross, gross folly !
Had he been silent dust—To please you, madam,
From a false tenderness for you, he lives——

Clyt. A mighty merit ! glorious boast indeed !

Hear me, ye gracious gentle powers of love !
 From tenderness for me, he did not murder
 A worthy blameless man, who never hurt him :
 He murder'd not my friend, my faithful friend.
 Ah ! 'tis such tenderness that makes me wretched ;
 Such tenderness, that still in blacker guilt,
 In the last depth of misery will plunge me.

Egist. It is not, madam, now a time for this.
 Think of our situation : close beset
 By all those ills which mortals most abhor,
 Whom have we to confide in but each other ?
 And this sad meeting is perhaps our last.
 Concord alone, and vigorous measures, can
 Prevent our ruin—But, from Melisander,
 What did you learn ? Are you yourself suspected ?

Clyt. I cannot find I am :—And yet I must.

Egist. But, as for me, my ruin is no secret.

Clyt. 'Tis true, some dark attempt goes on against

Egist. Then have I rightly done. [you.

Clyt. What have you done ?

Egist. What prudence, justice, love and vengeance,
 Demand—— [all

Clyt. Immortal powers ! you have not—?

Egist. No :

But must, and will—What else can you propose ?

Clyt. Oh, any thing besides ! immediate flight—
 Eternal absence, death !

Egist. Let others die !
 Let the proud, faithless, false, injurious tyrant ;
 The hero glorious in his daughter's murder ;
 The scourge of Greece, who has, from wild ambition,
 Shed so much blood—let Agamemnon die !

Clyt. Oh, heavens and earth ! you shock me to
 distraction !

I have, Egisthus, hitherto avoided
 This dreadful point, still hoping you might drop
 Your horrid resolution : now I tell you,
 Before the listening gods, I plainly tell you
 That Agamemnon shall not fall unwarn'd :
 You shall not rise by me into his throne :
 I will not be the tool of your ambition ;
 Will not be wretched, infamous for ever,
 The blush of women, the disgrace of nature !
 That you may gain your execrable views,
 Masked under smooth pretences.—I am guilty ;
 Alas ! I am—But think not, therefore, tyrant !
 To give me law. There are degrees in guilt ;
 And I have still my reason left, have left
 Some resolution, some remains of virtue.
 Yes, I dare die ; and who dares die, Egisthus,
 Needs not be driven to villanous extremes !
 Mark me, insulting man !—My certain cure
 Of every woe, my cordial draught is ready ;
 And if you do not promise me, here swear
 To drop your fell designs on Agamemnon,
 To quit this palace—you may still escape—
 And never see me more—I go, I go,
 This moment to discover all and die !

Egist. What ! Clytemnestra !

Clyt. Nothing shall dissuade me.

I will not argue more—Say, only say,
 Must I betake me to this cruel refuge ?
 This dire necessity ?

Egist.

Permit me, madam ;

Hear me but once, and then pursue your purpose.
 Suppose us guilty, what you will ;—yet, madam,
 Shall we acknowledge and proclaim that guilt ?
 Shall we, by patient waiting for our doom,

By pitiful neglect of self-defence,
Unheard of meanness ! stamp it into shame ?
No ; let us wipe it out with bold success.
It is success that colours all in life :
Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest ;
All the proud virtue of the vaunting world
Fawns on success, and power, howe'er acquired.

If then, supposing guilt, it were a meanness
To stoop to shame, can words express the madness
Of stopping short, with infamy and ruin,
When justice, love and vengeance, urge to glory ?
Instead of being deem'd a generous queen,
The brave avenger of her sex's honour,
Famed for her spirit, for her just resentment ;
Who greatly punished a perfidious husband,
A cruel tyrant ; one, who from his bed,
His throne, proposed, with open shame, to turn her,
And to her place to take his country's foe,
To take a Trojan captive, proud Cassandra ;
Instead of such renown, can Clytemnestra—
Forgive the doubt—Can she submit to pass,
Through future times, for an abandoned woman !—
Nay, madam, hear the truth, what now I tell you
Must, in a little scanty hour, take place ;
In a few moments, you must be the first
Or last of women—be the public scorn,
Or admiration of approving Greece—
You know you must—be Agamemnon's slave,
Cassandra's slave, or nobly punish both,
And reign with me in happiness and glory.

Consult your heart—can you resolve on shame ?
On voluntary shame ? That only ill
The generous fear, which kills the soul itself.
Were those fair features full of lovely grandeur,

Form'd for confusion? That majestic front,
To be bow'd down with infamy and vileness?
Ah! can you bear contempt? The venom'd tongue
Of those whom ruin pleases? The keen sneer,
The rude reproaches of the rascal herd;
Who for the self-same actions, if successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in your praise?—
To sum up all in one—Can you support
The scornful glances, the malignant joy,
Or more detested pity of a rival?
Of a triumphant rival?—No; you cannot.
That conscious worth, which kindles in your eye,
Tells me you cannot.

But in vain disputes
No more to squander these important moments;
Know, that I have not, to the frail decision
Of wavering fear and female weakness left
Our freedom, safety, happiness and honour;
Even in your own despite you shall be saved.
And could you be so lost to reason, wild,
To do what woman never did before,
What shocks humanity, accuse yourself;
You only court dishonour to no purpose:
For Agamemnon now cannot escape;
I am already master of this palace;
All is prepared, my people all are fix'd,
All properly disposed; and here I swear,
By sacred justice, glory, love and vengeance!
He dies!—dies in the bath, before the banquet!—
And with him dies Cassandra, she, who dares,
In her presumptuous thought, usurp thy honours.

She weeps!—O my adored! my Clytemnestra!
Forgive this barbarous necessary truth!
Did I not love thee, love thee more than empire,

Than life and glory, would I thus disclose
These dangerous secrets? Could I not have veil'd,
And, with more certain caution, gain'd my purpose?

Clyt. Oh! that you had, Egisthus! then, alas!
I should have fondly thought myself less guilty.

Egist. I lose myself in softness, while the time,
With danger big, demands intrepid deeds.

Wipe off these tears.—When next we meet again,
All will be well.

ELEONORA'S LAST MOMENTS.

Dar. When this pride of women,
This best of wives, which in his radiant course
The sun beholds, when first she, sickening, felt
The' imperious summons of approaching fate,
All robed in spotless white she sought the altar;
And, prostrate there, for her departing soul,
The prince her husband, and her orphan children,
Implored the' Eternal mind. As yet she held
Her swelling tears, and in her bosom kept
Her sighs repress'd: nor did the near approach
Of the pale king of terrors dim her beauty;
No, rather adding to her charms, it breathed
A certain mournful sweetness through her features.
But as the' increasing bane more desperate grew,
Wild to her bed she rushed, and then, indeed,
The lovely fountains of her eyes were opened,
Then flow'd her tears.—'Connubial bed,' she cried,
'Chaste witness of my tenderness for him,
To save whose life, I unrepining die
In bloom of youth, farewell!—Thou shalt, perhaps,
Receive a fairer, a more happy bride:
But never a more faithful, never one

Who loves her husband with a fonder passion.
Here flowed her tears afresh; with burning lip
She pressed the humid couch, and wept again.
At last, while weary sorrow paused, she rose,
And, fearing lest immediate death might seize her,
Demanded to be led to see the prince;
But fear of chasing from his eyes, too soon,
The salutary sleep that healed his pangs,
Restrained her trembling footsteps. On her couch,
Abandoned to despair, she sank anew,
And for her children called. Her children came.
A while, supported on her arm, she eyed them,
With tears pursuing tears adown her cheek,
With all the speechless misery of woe——
I see her still—O God!—the powerful image
Dissolves me into tears!

Then starting up, she went
To snatch them to a mother's last embrace;
When straight reflecting that the piercing poison
Might taint their tender years, she sudden shrunk
With horror back—'O wretched Eleonora!
(She weeping cried) and must I then not taste
The poor remaining comfort of the dying,
To see a husband, clasp my dearest children,
And mix my parting soul with theirs I love?'
Her sad attendants, that till then had mourned
In silent sorrow, all, at this, gave way
To loud laments.—She raised her languid eye,
And casting on them round a gracious smile,
To each by name she called, even to the lowest,
To each extended mild her friendly hand,
Gave, and, by turns, received a last farewell.
Such is the dreadful scene from which I come.

EDWARD'S SOLILOQUY, AFTER THE SUPPOSED
DEATH OF ELEONORA.

That cry was death : Alas ! she is no more !
The matchless Eleonora is no more ! [desert
Where am I ?—Heavens !—Ah ! what a hideous
Is now this world, this blasted world around me !
O sun, I hate thee, I abhor thy light,
That shows not Eleonora ! Earth, thy joy,
Thy sweetness all is fled, all all that made
Thy ways to me delightful, Eleonora !
O Eleonora ! perished Eleonora !
For ever lost !—That tent ! ah me ! that tent !

(Going into the tent, he starts back.)

I dare not enter there. There death displays
His utmost terrors.—Pale and lifeless, there
She lies, whose looks were love, whose beauty smiled
The sweet effulgence of endearing virtue—
And here I last beheld her—Ay, and how,
And how beheld her ?—The remorseless image
Will haunt me to the grave—I see her suffering
With female softness, yet to pain superior ;
Fearful and bold at once, with the strong hand
Of mighty love constraining feeble nature,
To steal me from affliction—Let me fly
This fatal ground. But whither shall I fly ?
To England—Oh, I cannot bear the thought
Of e'er returning to that country more !
That country, witness of our happy days,
Where at each step remembered bliss will sting
My soul to anguish. I already hear
Malice exclaim, nay, blushing valour sigh,
Where is thy princess ? where the wish of thousands ?

The charm, the transport of the public eye?
Base Prince! And art thou not ashamed to bring
No trophy home but Eleonora's corse?—
The grave, too, is shut up, that last retreat
Of wretched mortals—Yes, my word is pass'd,
To Eleonora pass'd. Our orphan children
Bind me to life—O dear, O dangerous passions!
The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
Or what does he regard his single woes?
But when, alas, he multiplies himself
To dearer selves, to the loved tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings, hang upon him,
To helpless children! then, O then he feels
The point of misery festering in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
Such, such am I! undone!—

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The great Eliza! She, amid a world
That threatening swells in high commotion round her;
Each dangerous state her unrelenting foe,
And chief a proud enormous empire, stretch'd
O'er half mankind; with not one friendly power
But what her kind creating hand shall raise
From out the marshes of the branching Rhine;
And mined, at home, her ever-tottering throne
By restless bigots, who beneath the mask
Of mild religion, are to every crime
Let loose, the faithless sons of barbarous zeal:
Yet she shall crown this happy isle with peace,
With arts, with riches, grandeur and renown,
And quell, by turns, the madness of her foes.
As when the winds, from different quarters, urge

The tempest on our shore ; secure, the cliffs
Repel its idle rage, and pour it back,
In broken billows, foaming to the main.

ODE ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.

Ethereal race, inhabitants of air,

Who hymn your God amid the secret grove ;
Ye unseen beings to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,

With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart !
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who died of love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,

On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
Or he the sacred bard *, who sat alone,
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,

When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint :
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir, [raise ;

Through heaven's high dome their awful anthems
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise,

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,

Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme be in your chorus join'd,
For, till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

* Jeremiah.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

Here, Stanley, rest, escaped this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm;
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful science arrogates in vain,
The' obedient passions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

TO FORTUNE.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;

Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

FROST.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom e'en the' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shaped
Like double wedges, and diffused immense
Through water, earth, and ether? hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze: and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,

Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night :
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise,
Wide-spouted o'er the hill ; the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
And by the frost refined, the whiter snow
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

THE GOLDEN AGE CONTRASTED WITH THE
PRESENT.

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;
For their light slumbers gently fumed away ;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock :
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away : while in the rosy vale
Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,

Was known among those happy sons of heaven ;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropped fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herbs and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meek'n'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace :
Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
Applied their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life ! now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
Is off the poise within : the passions all
Have burst their bounds ; and reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
E'en love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;

Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish that never cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells ;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever changing views of good and ill
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm ; whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have changed her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the selfsame bough.
Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm

Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breathed o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfined, even to thy furthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless! while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: e'en Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,

Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first,
Or on the listed plain or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans -
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius and substantial learning high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provoked,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage;
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,

And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flamed thy spirit high : but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd ;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sydney pass,
The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemmed the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of *Men* effulged,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies ; whose temper'd blood
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius*, fearless bled ;

* Algernon Sidney.

Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant: in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that slow ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous Ashley * thine, the friend of man;
Who scanned his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime!
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shaped by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rosebud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast:
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love
She sits high smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O thou ! by whose Almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol : white Peace, and social Love ;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;
Undaunted Truth, and dignity of mind ;
Courage composed and keen ; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and looks ; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
Rough Industry ; Activity untired,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake :
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the commonweal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

GREECE.

Hail, Nature's utmost boast ! unrival'd Greece !
My* fairest reign ! where every power benign
Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,

* Liberty speaks.

Ionian or Ægean, temper'd kind.
Light, airy soils. A country rich and gay ;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And; bright with purple harvest, joyous vales,
Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous
flow'd ;

Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless Arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds !
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves ;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Lybian main.

O'er all, two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one : the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city ; which no shape
Of Pain could conquer, nor of Pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state ;
Where mix'd each government, in such just poise ;
Each power so checking, and supporting each ;
That firm for ages, and unmoved it stood,
The fort of Greece ! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party-rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land !

Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Loved not the soil ; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confined, and press'd into Laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still-treacherous self,
The Public and the Private grew the same.
The children of the nursing Public all,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they lived entire, and even for that
The tender mother urged her son to die.

Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose.
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health ;
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for me, an easy-moved,
A quick, refined, a delicate, humane,
Enlightened people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash Democracy ; unpoised,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal ; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon at last, their mild restorer, rose :
Allay'd the tempest ; to the calm of laws

Reduced the settling whole ; and, with the weight
Which the two senates * to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

Nor was my forming care to these confined.
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention ! who should most excel
In government well-poised, adjusted best
To public weal ; in countries cultured high :
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair :
In exercise, and arms ; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride :
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam ; by generous pride inflamed,
Felt every ardour burn : their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa† gave.

GRECIAN AND ROMAN HEROES AND SAGES.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,

* The Areopagus, and the Council of Four Hundred.

† Or Olympia, where the Olympic games were celebrated.

And hold high converse with the mighty Dead ;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.
Roused at the' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The longlived volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
That Voice of God within the' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life or death :
Great moral teacher ! Wisest of mankind !
Solon the next, who built his commonweal
On equity's wide base ; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece and humankind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him, I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm devoted Chief*, who proved by deeds
The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;
Spotless of heart, to whom the' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
In pure majestic poverty revered ;
Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal

* Leonidas.

Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's * fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
Cimon sweet-soul'd: whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair †,
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train:
Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece;
And he her darling as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen; who to arms

* Themistocles.

† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly loved:
Her better Founder first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
Servius the king, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The public Father * who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
Thy willing victim †, Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retired.
Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme:
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged,
Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?
Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

HEALTH.

‘ Ah what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
How tasteless then whatever can be given ?
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease’s sad abyss ;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
As light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

‘ O who can speak the vigorous joys of health ?
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind :
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds ;
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasure
saunce breeds ?’

THE HERMIT’S PROPHECY TO ALFRED.

Alfred, go forth ! lead on the radiant years,
To thee reveal’d in vision.—Lo ! they rise ;
Lo ! patriots, heroes, sages, crowd to birth,
And bards to sing them in immortal verse !
I see thy commerce, Britain, grasp the world ;
All nations serve thee ; every foreign flood,
Subjected, pays its tribute to the Thames.

Thither the golden South obedient pours
 His sunny treasures; thither the soft East
 Her spices, delicacies, gentle gifts:
 And thither his rough trade the stormy North.
 See, where beyond the vast Atlantic surge,
 By boldest keels untouch'd, a dreadful space!
 Shores, yet unfound, arise! in youthful prime,
 With towering forests, mighty rivers crown'd:
 These stoop to Britain's thunder. This new world,
 Shook to its centre, trembles at her name:
 And there her sons, with aim exalted, sow
 The seeds of rising empire, arts, and arms.

Britons, proceed, the subject Deep command;
 Awe with your navies every hostile land.
 Vain are their threats, their armies all are vain:
 They rule the balanced world, who rule the main.

HEROIC GOODNESS.

On mere indifferent objects, common bounty
 Will shower relief: but when our bitterest foe
 Lies sunk, disarmed, and desolate, then! then!
 To feel the mercies of a pitying God,
 To raise him from the dust, and that best way
 To triumph o'er him, is heroic goodness.

HONOUR.

There is, my lord, an honour, the calm child
 Of reason, of humanity, and mercy,
 Superior far to this punctilious demon,
 That singly minds itself, and oft embroils,
 With proud barbarian niceties, the world.

* * * * *

Unblemish'd honour is the flower of virtue!

The vivifying soul ! and he who slights it
Will leave the other dull and lifeless dross.

* * * * *

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well ;
But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy nobly swayed,
Stand at another bar than that of law.

THE PATH OF HONOUR RUGGED.

Nothing so easy as in speculation,
And at a distance seen, the course of honour,
A fair delightful champain strewed with flowers.
But when the practice comes ; when our fond passions,
Pleasure, and pride, and self-indulgence, throw
Their magic dust around, the prospect roughens :
Then dreadful passes, craggy mountains rise,
Cliffs to be scaled, and torrents to be stemmed :
Then toil ensues, and perseverance stern ;
And endless combats with our grosser sense,
Oft lost, and oft renewed ; and generous pain
For others felt ; and, harder lesson still !
Our honest bliss for others sacrificed ;
And at the rugged task of virtue quails
The stoutest heart of common resolution.
Few get above this turbid scene of strife,
Few gain the summit, breathe that purest air,
That heavenly ether which untroubled sees
The storm of vice and passion rage below.

HUNTING, AND SPORTSMEN.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat

Retired : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution ; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature raised to take the' horizon in ;
And head couch'd close betwixt her fairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once :
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunters' shout ;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He ranged, the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight :
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
The' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish: while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
The roused-up lion resolute and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then

Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game;
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolved, and every guile
Disclosed; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,
With woodland honours graced; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense

From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the lovesick shepherdess,
On violets diffused, while soft she hears
Her panting shephcrd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreathed, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly
Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch
Indulged apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,

Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
The' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table e'en itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

HYMN.

These *, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness, and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round: the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft THY VOICE in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combinèd;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;

* The Seasons.

Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes :
Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to HIM ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,

Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lows,
Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll!—
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,

And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming Evil still educing Good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

INDEPENDENCE.

Hail Independence, hail! Heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage, charms;
Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret source!
Whose streams from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurses human life.
By rills from thee deduced, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy master there,

The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round :
Sweet-featured Peace attending ; fearless Truth ;
Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;
And, still fresh stores from Nature's book derived,
Philosophy, companion ever-new.
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy hours.
Meantime true-judging moderate desires,
Economy and Taste, combined, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom Fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,
That self-enjoyment springing from within ;
That Independence, active, or retired,
Which makes the soundest bliss of man below :
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.

INDUSTRY.

These are thy blessings, Industry ! rough power !
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life :
Raiser of humankind ! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite ; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in the' unconscious breast,

Slept the lethargic powers ; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch
Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
For home he had not ; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
E'en desolate in crowds ; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,
And roused him from his miserable sloth ;
His faculties unfolded ; pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded ; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe,
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapped them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table ; pour'd

The generous glass around, inspired to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopped at barren bare necessity;
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combined,
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole;
For this they planned the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor, slavish, dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have raised.

Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspired,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,

Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void : the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increased ; whence ribbed with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heaved
Its ample roof ; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh. beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
The' excluded tempest idly rave along ;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to the' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

INGLORIOUS EXISTENCE.

O rather, rather
Had I ne'er seen the vital light of heaven,
Than like the vulgar live, and like them die !

Ambition sickens at the very thought.—
To puff, and bustle here from day to day,
Lost in the passions of inglorious life,
Joys which the careless brutes possess above us.
And when some years, each duller than another,
Are thus elapsed, in nauseous pangs to die ;
And pass away like those forgotten things,
That soon become as they had never been.

INSECTS.

Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song :
Not mean though simple : to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel : or, sailing down the stream
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray ; there lodged, amused, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,

In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese ;
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death ; where, gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorred ! amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleased ; the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground :
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon ;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye ?
Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organized,
Waiting the vital breath, when parent Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud

Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn : and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunned with noise.

THE INTERVIEW OF MASINISSA AND
SOPHONISBA.

Soph. Behold, victorious prince ! the scene reversed ;
And Sophonisba kneeling here ; a captive,
O'er whom the gods, thy fortune, and thy virtue,
Give thee unquestioned power of life and death.
If such a one may raise her suppliant voice,
Once music to thy ear ; if she may touch
Thy knee, thy purple, and thy victor-hand ;

Oh listen, Masinissa ! Let thy soul
Intensely listen ! While I fervent pray,
And strong adjure thee, by that regal state,
In which with equal pomp we lately shone ;
By the Numidian name, our common boast,
And by those household gods ; who may, I wish,
With better omens take thee to this palace,
Than Syphax hence they sent. As is thy pleasure,
In all beside determine of my fate,
This, this alone I beg. Never, oh never !
Into the cruel, proud, and hated power
Of Romans let me fall. Since angry Heaven
Will have it so, that I must be a slave,
And that a galling chain must bind these hands,
It were some little softening in my doom,
To call a kindred son of the same clime,
A native of Numidia, my lord.
But if thou canst not save me from the Romans,
If this sad favour be beyond thy power ;
At least to give me death is what thou canst.
Here strike—my naked bosom courts thy sword ;
And my last breath shall bless thee, Masinissa !

Mas. Rise, Sophonisba, rise. To see thee thus
Is a revenge I scorn ; and all the man
Within me, though much injured by thy pride,
And spirit too tempestuous for thy sex,
Yet blushes to behold thus at my feet,
Thus prostrate low, her, for whom kings have kneel'd,
The fairest, but the falsest of her sex.

Soph. Spare thy reproach—'Tis cruel thus to lose
In rankling discord, and ungenerous strife,
The few remaining moments that divide me
From the most loathed of evils, Roman bondage !
Yes, shut thy heart against me ; shut thy heart

Against compassion, every human thought,
 Even recollected Love : yet know, rash youth !
 That when thou seest me swell their lofty triumph,
 Thou seest thyself in me. This is my day ;
 To-morrow will be thine. But here, be sure,
 Here will I lie on this vile earth, forlorn,
 Of hope abandon'd, since despised by thee ;
 These locks all loose and sordid in the dust ;
 This sullen bosom growing to the ground,
 Till the remorseless soldier comes, more fierce
 From recent blood, and in thy very eye,
 Lays raging his rude sanguinary grasp
 On these weak limbs ; and tortures them with chains.
 Then if no friendly steel, no nectar'd draught
 Of deadly poison, can enlarge my soul,
 It will indignant burst from a slave's body ;
 And join'd to mighty Dido, scorn ye all.

Mas. Oh Sophonisba ! 'tis not safe to hear thee ;
 And I mistook my heart, to trust it thus.
 Hence let me fly.

Soph. You shall not, Masinissa !
 Here will I hold you, tremble here for ever,
 Here unremitting grow, till you consent. [me,
 And canst thou think, oh ! canst thou think to leave
 Exposed, defenceless, wretched, here, alone,
 A prey to Romans flush'd with blood and conquest,
 The subject of their scorn or baser love ?
 Sure Masinissa cannot ; and though changed,
 Though cold as that averted look he wears ;
 Sure love can ne'er in generous breasts be lost
 To that degree, as not from shame and outrage
 To save what once they loved.

Mas. Enchantment ! Madness !
 What wouldst thou, Sophonisba ?—Oh my heart !

My treacherous heart !

Soph.

What would I, Masinissa ?

My mean request sits blushing on my cheek.

To be thy slave, young prince, is what I beg ;

Here Sophonisba kneels to be thy slave,

Yet kneels in vain. But thou 'rt a slave thyself,

And canst not from the Romans save one woman ;

Her who was once the triumph of thy soul ;

Ere they seduced it by their lying glory.

Immortal gods ! and am I fallen so low ?

Scorned by a lover ? by the man whom once

My heart, alas ! too much inclined to love,

Before he sunk into the slave of Rome ?

Nought can be worth this baseness, life nor empire !

I loath me for it—On this kinder earth,

Then leave me, leave me, to despair and death !

Mas. I cannot bear her tears.—Rise, quickly rise,

In all the conquering majesty of charms,

Oh Sophonisba, rise ! while here I swear,

By the tremendous powers that rule mankind !

By heaven, and earth, and hell ! by love and glory !

The Romans shall not hurt you—Romans cannot ;

For Rome is generous as the gods themselves,

And honours, not insults, a generous foe.

Yet since you dread them, take this royal hand,

The pledge of surety, by which kings are bound ;

By which I hold you mine, and vow to treat you

With all the softness of remembered love,

All that can soothe thy fate, and make thee happy.

Soph. I thank thee, Masinissa ! now the same,

The same bright youth, exalted, full of soul,

With whom in happier days I used to pass

The tender hour ; while dawning fair in love,

All song and sweetness, life set joyous out ;

Ere the black tempest of ambition rose,
 And drove us different ways.—Thus dress'd in war,
 In nodding plumes, o'ercast with sullen thought,
 With purposed vengeance dark, I knew thee not;
 But now breaks out the beauteous sun anew,
 The gay Numidian shines, who warm'd me once,
 Whose love was glory. Vain ideas, hence!
 Long since my heart, to nobler passions known,
 Has your acquaintance scorn'd.

Mas.

Oh! while you talk,
 Enchanting fair one! my deluded thought
 Runs back to days of love; when fancy still
 Found worlds of beauty, ever rising new
 To the transported eye; when flattering hope
 Form'd endless projects of increasing bliss,
 And still the credulous heart believed them all,
 Even more than love could promise.—But the scene
 Is full of danger for a youthful eye;
 I must not, dare not, will not look that way.
 O hide it, wisdom, glory, from my view!
 Or in sweet ruin I shall sink again.

Distemper clouds thy cheek; thy colour goes.
 Retire, and from the troubles of the day
 Repose thy weary soul, worn out with care,
 And rough unhappy thought.

Soph.

May Masinissa
 Ne'er want the goodness he has shown to me.

KINGLY VIRTUES AND DUTIES.

Yes, we have lost a father!
 The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
 And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
 A good, a worthy king; hear me, my Tancred,
 And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,

How he deserved that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
He loved his people, deemed them all his children;
The good exalted and depressed the bad.
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected
Their smooth advice that only means themselves,
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness :
Nor did he less disdain the secret breath,
The whisper'd tale, that blights a virtuous name,
He sought alone the good of those for whom
He was intrusted with the sovereign power :
Well knowing that a people in their rights
And industry protected ; living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,
Encouraged in their genius, arts and labours,
And happy each as he himself deserves,
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide ; their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasure,
And every honest man his faithful guard.

* * * * *

I thank thee, father, for thy pious counsel.
And witness, thou dread Power ! who seest my heart ;
That if not to perform my regal task,
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue and religion ;
If not to shelter industry, to guard
Her honest portion from oppressive pride,
From wasteful riot, and the sons of rapine,
Who basely ravish what they dare not earn ;
If not to deal out justice, like the sun,
With equal light ; if not to spread thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own,
On all the smiling ranks of nourish'd life ;

If not to raise our drooping English name,
 To clothe it yet with terror ; make this land
 Renown'd for peaceful arts to bless mankind,
 And generous war to humble proud oppressors ;
 If not to build on an eternal base,
 On liberty and laws, the public-weal :
 If not for these great ends I am ordain'd,
 May I ne'er idly fill the throne of England !

* * * * *

This ardour is the mode. But know, Egisthus,
 That ruling a free people well in peace,
 Without or yielding or usurping power ;
 Maintaining firm the honour of the laws,
 Yet sometimes softening their too rigid doom,
 As mercy may require ; steering the state
 Through factious storms, or the more dangerous calms
 Of peace by long continuance grown corrupt ;
 Besides the fair career which fortune opens
 To the mild glories of protected arts,
 To bounty, to beneficence, to deeds
 That give the good themselves their brightest beams :
 Yes know that these are, in true glory equal,
 If not superior, to deluding conquest :
 Nor less demand they conduct, courage, care,
 And persevering toil.

* * * * *

'Tis not indulging private inclination,
 The selfish passions, that sustains the world,
 And lends its rulers grace—no, 'tis not thence
 That glory springs, and high immortal deeds :
 The public good, the good of others, still
 Must bear fond nature down, in him who dares
 Aspire to worthy rule ; imperious honour
 Still o'er the most distinguish'd lords it most.

* * * * *

When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
Profusely gives them honours, riches, power,
Whate'er the' expanded heart can wish ; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty ;
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin :
Is there a wretch they rule so mean as they ?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven,
And of perfidious robbery to men.

THE REAL ENEMIES OF KINGS.

He who contends for freedom
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe ;
No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to subvert it.
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name: he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

LAVINIA.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,

When the dew wets its leaves : unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia.

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND WEDLOCK.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick

With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
Dare not the' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let the' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours ;
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
Wrapped in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
The' enticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest ; a quick-returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart ; where honour still
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, aroused,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !

Neglected fortune flies ; and, sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around : the darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
The' unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away
On swelling thought, his waisted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declined,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms ;
Where the dun umbrage, o'er the falling stream
Romantic, hangs ; there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love : or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle Hours ; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or, while the world

And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortured heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fired. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies,
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds ; till the gray Morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love ; and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with the' enchantress of his soul he talks ;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retired
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to loose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapped : or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The further shore ; where succourless and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores ;
But strives in vain ; borne by the' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love, ~

Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell ! ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then ! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffused and glaring with untender fire ;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought ;
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins ;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart :
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,

Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care ;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence : for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well merited, consume his nights and days :
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form ;
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face ;

Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven !
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

* * * * *

There is in love a power,
 There is a soft divinity, that draws
 Transport even from distress; that gives the heart
 A certain pang, excelling far the joys
 Of gross unfeeling life.

* * * * *

I know a passion still more deeply charming
 Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
 By long experience mellowed into friendship.
 How far beyond that froward child of fancy;
 With beauty pleased awhile, anon disgusted,
 Seeking some other toy; how far more noble
 Is this bright offspring of unchanging reason,
 That fonder grows with age and charms for ever!

LORD LYTTELTON.

— Hence ! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard and unfeeling of another's woe ;
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
 With warmest beam ; and on your open front
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat,
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoked,
 Can restless goodness wait ; your active search
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored ;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving Spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,

Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;
Life flows afresh ; and young-eyed Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom ; till at last, sublimed
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of GOD to see a happy world !

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend ! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou stray'st ;
Thy British Tempe ! There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagged with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world ;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.

And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind
And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refined,
You draw the' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekn'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptured, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness! which love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The Hospitable Genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees

Ascending, roughens into rigid hills
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

NATURE'S NOBLES.

I tell thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust; or where had been our honours?

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O nightingale! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:

O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate;

I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws

Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care.

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,

Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame,
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride:

O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame!

A NUPTIAL SONG.

Come, gentle Venus! and assuage
A warring world, a bleeding age.

For nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempests haste away,
A lucid calm invests the sea,
Thy native deep is full of thee ;
The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky.
A gentle spirit warms the breeze ;
Unseen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The desert growls a soften'd note,
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart ;
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe,
To feel the generous passion rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs ;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love.

Come, thou delight of heaven and earth !
To whom all creatures owe their birth ;
Oh, come, sweet smiling ! tender, come !
And yet prevent our final doom.
For long the furious god of war
Has crushed us with his iron car,
Has raged along our ruined plains,
Has soiled them with his cruel stains,
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms ;
Oh, take him to thy twining arms !
And while thy bosom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,

Ah, then, his stormy heart control,
And sigh thyself into his soul.

ODE.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,

Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead ?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe ;
Where void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

Oh ! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee ;

Should then the weary eye of grief
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh visit thou my soothing dream !

THE EFFECTS OF OPPRESSION.

Come ! by whatever sacred name disguised,
Oppression, come ! and in thy works rejoice !
See nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
See razed the' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robbed of his poor reward, resign'd the plough ;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.

Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and gray,
Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone ;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er the' abandon'd waste ;
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer ! Foe
To human kind ! Thy mountains too, profuse,
Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
'To raise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
And famous cities, once, to the pleased sun,
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harvest pines ; the livid, lean produce
Of heartless labour : while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping art almost to nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard redden in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;
Nor juice Cæcubian, nor Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.

In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows ;
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

Nor half thy triumph this : cast, from brute fields,
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn ;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean Convenience reigns ; even sleep itself,
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongued,
And art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employed. Mark the desponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope ;
Hope, the glad ray, glanced from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune—madness all to them !
By thee relentless seized their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and music melt their souls away.
From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
Trembling, the balance snatches ; and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

But chief let Rome, the mighty city ! speak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
Expiring nature all corrupted round ;

While the lone Tiber, through the desert plain,
 Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
 Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
 Mark how the temple glares ; and, artful dress'd,
 Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
 Concealing often, in magnificent jail,
 Proud want ; a deep unanimated gloom !
 And oft adjoining to the drear abode
 Of misery, whose melancholy walls
 Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach,
 Within the city bounds, the desert see.
 See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
 Indecent, spread ; beneath whose fretted gold
 It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
 Matchless, while fired by me ; to public good
 Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
 Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
 Elate with glory, an heroic soul
 Known to the vulgar breast : behold them now
 A thin despairing number, all-subdued,
 The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
 By vice unmann'd, and a licentious rule,
 In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
 Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
 Thy sons, Oppression, are ; and such were mine.

MODERN PATRONS.

But now, alas ! we live too late in time :
 Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme ;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæccenas' name,
 Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits, cheer ! still, still remains

The' Eternal Patron, Liberty ; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

PEACE.

O first of human blessings ! and supreme !
Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combined,
And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign ; when, unaccursed by blood,
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling distils into the vernal glebe ;
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field ;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife
And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound ;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace ! thou source and soul of social life ;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ;
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee !
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;
Who sheaths the murderous blade ; the deadly gun
Into the well-piled armory returns ;
And, every vigour, from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings ;

And him the smiling mother to her train.
 Of him, the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chants ; and the treasures of his labour sure,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ;
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
 Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusing day ;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

PERSECUTION. ·

But since by ruling Wisdom (who unweighed,
 Unmeant, does nought) men are so various made,
 So various turn'd, that in opinions they
 Must blindly think, or take a different way ;
 In spite of force, since judgment will be free ;
 Then let us in this righteous mean agree—
 Let holy rage, let persecution cease ;
 Let the head argue, but the heart be peace ;
 Let all mankind in love of what is right,
 In virtue and humanity, unite.

* * * * *

I think these wars
 A kind of persecution. And when that,
 That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
 Is once begun, where shall it find an end ?
 Each in his turn, or has, or claims a right
 To wield its dagger, to return its furies ;
 And, first or last, they fall upon ourselves.

TO PHILOSOPHY.

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song !
Effusive source of evidence and truth !
A lustre shedding o'er the' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer noon ; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft with elevated pride ;
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
The First up tracing from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to HIM,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being ; while the Last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man ?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey : and with the' unfashion'd fur,
Rough clad ; devoid of every finer art

And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole ;
Mother severe of infinite delights !
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still revolving train !
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
Creation through ; and, from that full complex
Of never ending wonders, to conceive
Of the **SOLE BEING** right, who spoke the Word,
And Nature moved complete. With inward view,
Thence on the' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up,
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins

The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud
 (So wills Eternal Providence) sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
 This Infancy of Being cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of GOD,
 By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Mistaken man ! Philosophy consists not
 In airy schemes, or idle speculations ;
 The rule and conduct of all social life
 Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
 Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
 To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
 And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
 All policy but hers is false and rotten ;
 All valour not conducted by her precepts
 Is a destroying fury sent from hell
 To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

PYTHAGORAS.

Not so the Samian Sage ; to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording Fame.
 For these free states his native isle forsook,
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
 He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
 And through Great Greece his gentle wisdom taught ;
 Wisdom that calm'd for * listening years the mind,
 Nor ever heard amidst the storm of zeal,

* His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
Of boundless ether ; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld ;
There first discern'd the secret band of love,
The kind attraction, that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and worlds with worlds unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
The Sun of beings ! beaming unconfined
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power :
Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous heaven, and spreads the joy :
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
He gave the four yet * reigning virtues name ;
Inspired the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devised
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd.
He even into his tender system took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life ;
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting runs the' eternal round ;
Thence tried against the blood polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth !
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling Form, but rising Whole.

* The four cardinal virtues.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main ;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :
 ' Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.'

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall :
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
 ' Rule,' &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
 ' Rule,' &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame ;
But work their woe, and thy renown.
 ' Rule,' &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
 ' Rule,' &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair :

Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

‘ Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.’

RURAL LIFE.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused?
Vile intercourse! what though the glittering robe
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence;
Unsullied Beauty; sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased;
Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil;
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urged or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,

Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight ;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapped close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states
Move not the man who, from the world escaped,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month
And day to day, through the revolving year:
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial hours
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;
Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild, to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,

Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies
Disclosed, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on the' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, nor song, he sternly scorns ;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and GOD himself, with Man !

SARMATIA.

Sarmatia, traversed by a thousand streams ;
A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts black with sounding pine ;
Where nature frowns ; though sometimes into smiles
She softens ; and immediate, at the touch
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
But, cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,

Lies undistinguish'd earth ; and, seized by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.
Yet there life flows ; the furry millions there
Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows :
And there a race of men prolific swarms,
To various pain, to little pleasure used ;
On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds ;
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
The nursery of nations !

ODE TO SERAPHINA.

The wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering unauspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays :
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart :
Is like the sacred Queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd ;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence,
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heaven-illumined head.
To love thee, Seraphina, sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure ;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright virtue's fairest hope ;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd ;
And heaven infused into the mind.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong ; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting, labour to the farthest shore.

Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head: and ranged in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace;
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp the master's cipher ready stand;
Others the' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife

Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A FALL OF SNOW.

The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man

His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,

Far from the track and bless'd abode of man!
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

SOCRATES.

O'er all shone out the great Athenian sage,
And Father of Philosophy: the sun,

From whose white blaze emerged, each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens ! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure : goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful skill
His simple question stole ; as into truth,
And serious deeds, he smiled the laughing race ;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless
Or grace mankind ; and what he taught he was.

SONG.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind ;
Oh tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refined.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if at first her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part :

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away ;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care ;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

Hail, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good !
But from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky ;
A shepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain ;
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face ;
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she,
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The Virtues of the sage, and swain ;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh let me pierce thy secret cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes,
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

There was a time (Oh let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought !)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring surge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming vast;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest; while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempest black; the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate,
Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blazed the lurid flame;
And seized in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
And pointed rock, that marks the' indented shore,

Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractured Caledonian isles.

EARLY SPRING.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd,
To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last, from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke,
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
With measured step ; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

* * * * *

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes : the penetrative sun,
His force deep darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay green !
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !
United light and shade ! where the sight dwells
With growing strength and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance ; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbrier hedges I pursue my walk ;
Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,

One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies :

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls :
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :
Or, when the' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest :
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

SPRING SHOWERS.

The north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,

Scarce staining ether ; but, by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the' horizon round a settled gloom :
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The' uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ;
And wait the' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs

And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample lap !
Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth ;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy ;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory ; but amazed

Bcholds the' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

THE EFFECTS OF SPRING ON NATURE.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild;
Where, undisguised by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: 'around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the buried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk

Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps :
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
The' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron brown ;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round :
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones ; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks ; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colours run ; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, the' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
Firstborn of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquilles,
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being ! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb ; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapped in a filmy net and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether and imbibe the dew ;
By Thee disposed into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds ; that now, in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame,—the Passion of the Groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows

The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn ;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert : while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love ;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,

Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspired,
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd :
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house

Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw : till, soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on the' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour : O, what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young ;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. E'en so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspired,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,

And, to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
The' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud ! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confined and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear ;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
The' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hands of unrelenting clowns
Robbed, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings

Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe ; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky :
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the
woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight ;
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Roused into life and action, light in air
The' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns

On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire ; which in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleased,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the peacock spreads,
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

* The furthest of the western islands of Scotland.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes below rush furious into flame
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot ; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor the' enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapped,
He seeks the fight ; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gored in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins ;
Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, the' impetuous battle mix :
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong ;
Blows are not felt ; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ;
O'er rocks and woods, and craggy mountains flies ;
And, neighing, on the' ærial summit takes
The' exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round : such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :

From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
How by this flame their native wrath sublimed,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptured, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads :
And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world !

What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven ? and through their breast
These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
Inspiring God ! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone

Seems not to work : with such perfection framed
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
The' informing Author in his works appears :
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The Smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty ; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

OLD STATESMEN.

Those wise old men, those plodding, grave state-
pedants,
Forget the course of youth ; their crooked prudence,
To baseness verging still, forgets to take
Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,
That through the cobweb system bursting lays
Their labours waste.

ANCIENT STATUES.

Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture first,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble-race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known Hero *, who delivered Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,

* The Hercules of Farnese.

Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck ;
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad ;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape ; she saw, and joyed.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, raised
His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas smiled of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator. Pitiless his look,
And each keen sinew braced, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The Dying Other from the gloom she drew.
Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
Prone, agonizing ; with incumbent fate,
Heavy declines his head ; yet dark beneath
The suffering features sullen vengeance lours,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
The Quivered God *. In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened bow.
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-softened form. The bloom of Gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.
His features yet heroic ardour warms ;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
On Flora moved ; her full-proportion'd limbs
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love arose†, as from the deep

* The Apollo Belvidere.

† The Medicean Venus.

She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanted guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost * Masterpiece she found,
That † Maro fired; the miserable sire,
Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye the imperious passions seize:
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convulsed; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixt,
As the strong curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd;
While, yet unpierced, the frightened other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

* The group of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

† See *Æneid* ii. ver. 191—227.

A STORM IN HARVEST.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed, and naked to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still overhead
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down : all that the winds had spared
In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes

And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride ;
And, oh ! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

A THUNDER STORM.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharged
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctured trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate
Ferment ; till by the touch ethereal roused,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound

That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the' aërial tribes
Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
And, following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,

A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs : and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought ;
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They loved : but such the guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish ;
The' enchanting hope and sympathetic glow
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
Supremely happy in the' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,

Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other bless'd, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heaved
Unwonted sighs, and, stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain, assuring love and confidence
In Heaven repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
The' unequal conflict ; and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumined high. ' Fear not,' he said,
' Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection !' From his void embrace,
(Mysterious Heaven !) that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !

So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the' interminable sky
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm
Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields ; and nature smiles revived.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marred by thankless Man,
Most favour'd ! who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world ;
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest waked,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

DAWN IN SUMMER.

When now no more the' alternate Twins are fired,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,

Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

THE FORENOON IN SUMMER.

Home, from his morning task the swain retreats;
His flock before him, stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! the daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight:
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The housedog with the vacant greyhound lies,
Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap.

A SUMMER NOON.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar:
Or, through the' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,

Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

EVENING IN SUMMER.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air ;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this*
She sends on earth ; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seed she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,

In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter robe
Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd
The' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of Night.
As thus the' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky, or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,

The rushing comet to the sun descends;
And, as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble.

CATTLE IN SUMMER.

Around the' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose.
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain: his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,

Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effused,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
 And heart estranged to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength,
 Bears down the' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst,
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

TROPICAL SUMMERS.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compared,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-lived twilight: and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce through all the dazzling air:
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
 The general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double seasons † pass:

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or, to the far horizon wide diffused,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods,
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink, amid the cliffs
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona ! to thy citron groves ;
To where the lemon and the piercing-lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fanned by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig ;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.

he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice
a year vertical, which produces this effect.

Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine !
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd ;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imaged in the golden age :
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove !

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where, retired
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas :
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.

The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
Behemoth* rears his head. Glanced from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies :

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills,
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
Or, 'mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-raised in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd ;
Though powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall ; regardless he
Of what the never resting race of men
Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours †. But if she bids them shine,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

† In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds,

Array'd in all the beautiful beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky;
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers;
From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;

though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed
to be less melodious than ours.

Where palaces and fanes and villas rise ;
And gardens smile around, and cultured fields ;
And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray ; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault : there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves
And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
And o'er the varied landscape restless rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind :
A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How changed the scene ! in blazing height of noon,
The sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round
Of struggling night and day, malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their steam, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed
Around the cold ærial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne ;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Naiads nursed, he sports away
His playful youth amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's * orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks; refresh'd,

* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

The lavish moisture of the melting year :
Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana *. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata : to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes, and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on, they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe ;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ?
This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
By vagrant birds dispersed, and wafting winds,

* The river of the Amazons.

What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool draughts,
The' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health
Their forests yield ? their toiling insects, what
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muscs teach ;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world ; the light that leads to heaven ;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man :
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize ;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, the' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,

Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful nature! there, sublimed
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell
These, rushing from the' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where, round their lordly bull, in rural ease
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. The' awaken'd village starts;

And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escaped,
The wretch half wishes for his bonds again :
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below ;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds :
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds :
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,

Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play :
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the' ærial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon *, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia * reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck†
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

Of roaring winds and flame and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow : by rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama* fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape ;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged
The rising world of trade : the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian Prince† ; who, Heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory roused mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend : one death involves

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

† Don Henry, third son to John the First, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements of navigation.

Tyrants and slaves ; when straight, their mangled
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas [limbs
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam ; from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapped,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dared to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at Carthage quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore ;
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse : while on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends ? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields

With locust armies putrifying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destined prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men; unless escaped
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society;
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest'd, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,

And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :
Fired by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
And, roused within the subterranean world,
The' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks and hills and towers and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light !
Of all material beings first and best !
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapped
In unessential gloom ! and thou, O Sun !
Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire : from the far bourn
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,

Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life !
How many forms of being wait on thee !
Inhaling spirit ; from the' unfettered mind,
By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime the' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car,
High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly Storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; and, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined :
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ;
Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War

Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combined,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams ;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,
In brighter mazes the relucient stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this.

And all the much transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far, great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM !
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye or angel's purer ken ;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven
That beam for ever through the boundless sky :
But, should he hide his face, the' astonish'd sun
And all the' extinguish'd stars would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise,
Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod ; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial THEE resound,
The' eternal cause, support, and end of all !

SWITZERLAND.

Sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
Pines * to behold their Alpine views again :
The hollow-winding stream ; the vale, fair spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills ;
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs :

* The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss-sickness.

From steep to steep ascending, the gray train
 Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes ;
 The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd ;
 And by the sun illumined, pouring bright
 A gemmy shower ; hung o'er amazing rocks,
 The mountain-ash, and solemn-sounding pine :
 The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
 Down to the clear ethereal lake below :
 And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
 The mountain fading into sky ; where shines
 On winter, winter shivering, and whose top
 Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

TRUE VALOUR.

True valour, Tullus,
 Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose,
 Nor owns the blind award of giddy Fortune.

VIRTUE.

The virtues conquer with a single look.
 Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
 Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
 That the soul won, enamour'd and refined,
 Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.

* * * * *

There breathes a felt divinity in virtue,
 In candid, unassuming, generous virtue,
 Whose very silence speaks ; and which inspires,
 Without proud formal lessons, a disdain
 Of mean injurious vice.

* * * * *

The generous pride of virtue
 Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
 Her bounty meets with—Like the liberal gods,

From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask reward.—

* * * * *

O all ye pitying powers, that rule mankind !
Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
With this fair-weather virtue, that exults,
Glad, o'er the summer main ? The tempest comes,
The rough winds rage aloud ; when from the helm
This virtue shrinks, and in a corner lies
Lamenting.—Heavens ! if privileged from trial,
How cheap a thing were virtue.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the' inverted year ;
Hung o'er the furthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air ; as clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,

And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm :
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapped in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lows, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er the' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

A WINTER STORM.

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling seafowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,

Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice
That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends the' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn :
Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds, across the howling waste
Of mighty waters : now the' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's

Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
'Then, too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
'That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to note
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.

Upsprings the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd and evolved a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While, a gay insect in his summer shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* show'd.

CIRCUMPOLAR WINTER.

Our infant Winter sinks
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;
 Where, for relentless months, continual Night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barred by the hand of Nature from escape,
 Wide roams the Russian exile. 'Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow;
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,

* A character in *The Conscious Lovers*, written
 by Sir R. Steele.

That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main ;
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay *
With news of humankind. Yet there life glows ;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour : tipped with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head
Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the' ensanguined snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest half-absorb'd,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain,

* The old name for China.

A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus* pierced,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame
Of lost mankind, in polish'd slavery sunk ;
~~Drove~~ martial horde on horde †, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er the' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they
Despise the' insensate barbarous trade of war ;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;
And through the restless ever-tortured maze
Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage.
Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
Even in the depth of polar night they find
A wondrous day : enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,

* The north-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve !
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's * fairy mountains rise,
And fringed with roses Tenglio † rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair ;
Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race ! by poverty secured
From legal plunder and rapacious power :
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says, ' From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii than bears.'

† The same author observes, ' I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens.'

Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And furthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight ;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky *.
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ;
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence, winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
And icy mountains high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps ; or, rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid Pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury : but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
Shagged o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void

* The other hemisphere.

Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun ;
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's * fate,
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared ?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ; [stream
And, half enliven'd by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest nor song,
Nor tenderness they know ; nor aught of life
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth
to discover the north-east passage.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY WINTER.

'Tis done ! dread Winter spreads its latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictured life ; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?
All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth ! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected : why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined

In starving solitude; while *Luxury*,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

WOES OF MANKIND.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;

Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

WOLVES.

By wintry famine roused, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
Burning for blood ! bony, and gaunt, and grim !
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of Man avails him nought :
Even Beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguished prey.
But if, apprised of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate !)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frightened ghosts, they
howl.

WOMAN.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport*
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair :
Far be the spirit of the chase from them !
Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill ;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging Man.

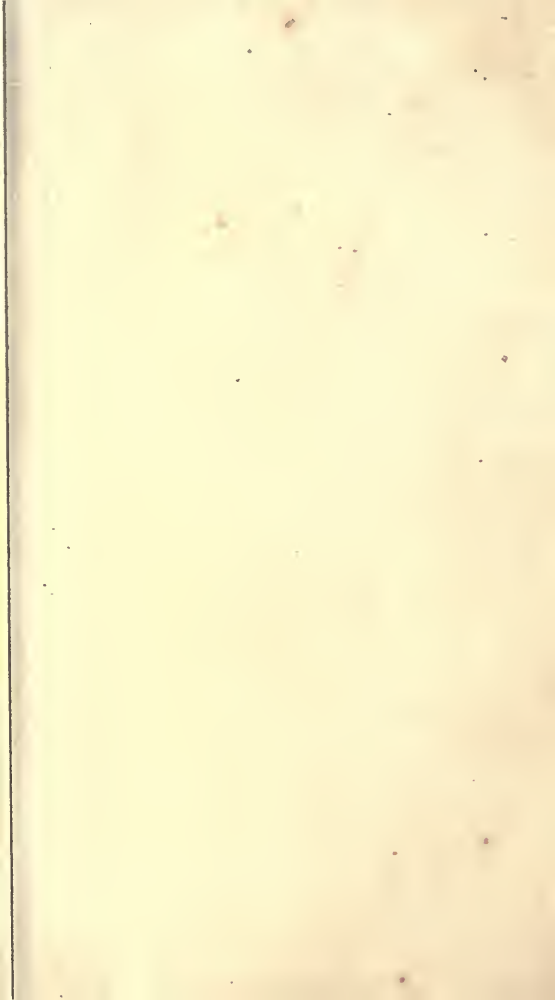
* Hunting.

O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress !
And fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race
To rear their graces into second life ;
To give society its highest taste ;
Well-ordered Home, Man's best delight, to make ;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life :
This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank,
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade ;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree ;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,

A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair :
Melinda ! formed with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

THE END.





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Thomson, James
The beauties of Thomson

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